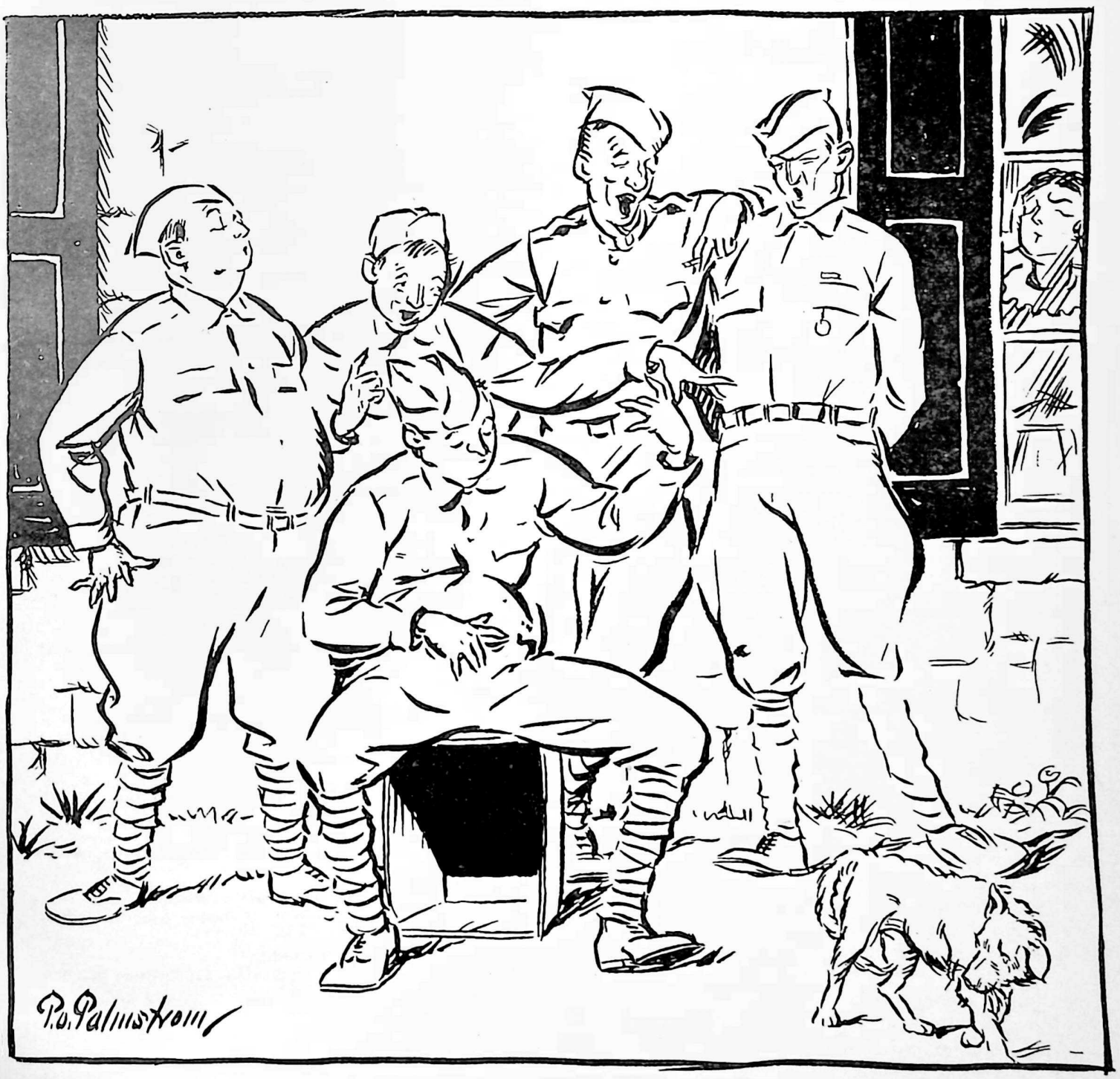
# YANKEE DOINGS




VOL. XI, NO. 3 YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION MARCH, 1930

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## THERE'S NO CENSORSHIP NOW

If you move into a new sector or a different dug-out, please let YANKEE DOINGS know at once, so that your mailing address can always be kept up to date.

Every year finds certain names of paid-up members on our files, with the notation "dead file" against them, indicating that mail has been returned as the addressee could not be found. Usually, if we wait long enough a letter comes, usually written in a truculent tone, asking why in —— DOINGS has ceased to arrive, usually adding as a footnote, "My address is now so and so."

DOINGS is mailed as second class matter, and cannot be forwarded, even when your new address is known at your former post-office, so when you move just drop us a line.

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| YD Automobile Emblems (Plus 15c postage) | $1.50 |
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Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

# YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

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PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
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*Send all communications to the Editor*

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*Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First*

*(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.*
*(LM) signifies Life Member.*
*(HM) signifies Honorary Member.*
*(AM) signifies Associate Member.*


## ANNOUNCEMENT

For purposes of economy, the YD Club of Boston, commencing Monday, March 3, will be open on Sunday, and all week days except Saturday, from 4:00 P. M. till midnight, and on Saturday from 12:00 noon till midnight.

This is a temporary measure adopted by the Board of Governors, and approved by a vote of the Club members, until such time as the revenue from the ground floor shall warrant the resumption of a full time schedule.

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It doesn't require a trained expert to predict the result of inserting a weak link in the middle of a strong chain. Yet our prohibitionists entertained high hopes of thus making the link as strong as the rest of the chain.

## QUEST

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving Beauty be. . . .
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

—Bliss Carman.

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## A MESSAGE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

The ladies of the YD Auxiliary are conducting a drive to increase their membership and I take pleasure in urging every YD man to endeavor to help them out—even to the extent of paying the modest annual dues of $1.00 (one little bit of a dollar) to enroll their womenfolks in this splendid organization.

While we read of some of the activities of the Auxiliary in YANKEE DOINGS these brief accounts are far from adequate in revealing the wonderful work that these devoted women are doing in helping out our less fortunate buddies all through the year. Only those who have been up against it can really appreciate the amount of good done by the Auxiliary in bringing help and cheer to the YD families which have the misfortune to hit the rough bumps of life.

Don't wait, please, to be solicited on this thing, just send in $1.00 for your wife, mother, sister, or daughter to the YD Club, giving addresses and relationship and the Auxiliary will do the rest.

Let's lend a helping hand to this organization which is everlastingly helping our buddies.

RALPH M. EASTMAN (M)
President, YD Club of Boston.

The President of the YD Auxiliary is Mrs. Alfred Snape, and Mrs. F. W. Foss is Chairman of the Membership Committee.

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

Ever watch a youngster on the day after Christmas? Suddenly the owner of so many new possibilities for enjoyment, he is at a loss to know just what to do to get the most fun out of them all. Like as not he ends up by turning to some old, worn toy with which he has had many an hour of happiness. He will come back to the new ones, but for the time, they are just a bit too much. Why? Because they require the evolving of new ideas, the inventing of new games, before they begin to mean anything. In themselves they are quite fascinating, and he sees they have great possibilities, but like the rest of us, he finds putting his brain to work quite a task.

* * * *

There we have the "set-up" as the mathematicians put it. A definite relation between things. Substitute other factors and the relation remains the same. The last fifty years have been a sort of Christmas to the human race, what with the bewildering gifts of science, and we find ourselves in much the same dilemma as the youngster. Not all our gifts have been toys: many have been labor savers—but whether the one or the other, our capacity to put them to the best use has failed to keep pace. At times we have even wondered if our forefathers, in days when life was less complex, didn't after all have a better time of it than we are having. But, like the youngster, we will return to the new things and will some day find out how to use them all to make us happier. But we, too, will have to evolve new ideas, and whether we like it or not, put the brain to work. Our job is not to invent still more new things, but to catch up with those we have. No end of riches brings a man scant joy until he learns what to do with it. The age of materialism has exalted power, production, efficiency, wealth. These have been thought of as ends in themselves. They are means to an end. The age of culture which must follow will find the artists, the humanists, the philosophers, blazing the trail that man's new found wealth and leisure may bring him new happiness.

* * * *

What are some of these gifts and what are some of the blunders we have made in using them?

* * * *

Perhaps the greatest is power production. When we consider that for about 5800 out of the 5900 years that man's history is known, practically everything that he used throughout his life was made by hand—his only source of power the muscles of his fellow men or of beasts, it isn't so strange that this gift has brought some complications. Now we have erected, on the foundation of science, a machine civilization. It has brought its benefits and its problems. Will we master it or will it master us? With machinery, one man can do the work of ten. As a wealth producing unit, his value is increased tenfold. What are the benefits? Increased production, the saving of labor, lower costs. What are the problems? Overproduction and unemployment. With machinery's aid, the country has more men than it needs to produce all the things we felt we required in the days of hand labor. Must this surplus of man power remain idle, a drag on the resources of the few needed to keep the machines turning? What is the solution? In theory it is simple: everyone knows it. In practice, it will require time and thought. Instead of one man at a machine working the same number of hours he used to work by hand and producing ten times as much while nine men are idle, let ten men work at machines, produce ten times as much, each one in consequence receiving ten times as much pay (in purchasing power). He will then have ten times as much to spend, thus taking up the overproduction, and his standard of living will be ten times as high. Of course this proportion is not exact as the factors of power cost and investment in machinery are discounted; but the principle is there. Now, if instead of ten men, each working as long as he used to by hand, we have them working only half as long, and earning only five times as much, each will have twice the free time to improve his body and mind—to find the enjoyment which nature, sport, travel, books, games and art can give him. Thus machinery is made man's servant, not his master; it can lead him to happiness, not slavery. Visionary, impractical, you say? Not under the direction of which human intellect will in time be capable. Difficult? yes, tremendously difficult; perhaps never to be realized; but to be more and more closely approached by each generation.

* * * *

Unemployment and poverty are not the only problems the machine age has brought. There are those twin evils: standardization and specialization. Shall we let the former make of us a dead-level nation of red-store-fronts, gasoline pumps, and neon signs, with a million radios simultaneously crooning the latest "blues"? Or must we let the latter force us "to know more and more about less and less" until our perspective is narrowed to that of the mechanic whose job it was "to tighten nut No. 24"? If we must have standardization and specialization let us not gear our whole life to them.

* * * *

Science has taught us how to build great cities. They have made us more efficient: have they made us happier? The interdependence of man upon man

which they present has bred possibilities of great disaster. Let the one pier of transportation crumble and the structure is in chaos. Crime, living congestion, traffic congestion—problems, problems for the future.

* * * *

In the field of amusement, the gifts have been lavish. Yet like the bored and weary child, some of us still go back to our old, old toys of forests and running brooks, blue skies and clean air. We shall return to the new ones when we learn how to play with them.

* * * *

Even in the realm of mental speculation, science has inserted its entering wedge. With old beliefs of theology and religion being made subject to proof or disproof, we find ourselves like the circus rider with a foot on each of two galloping horses, wondering whether they will stay together or draw apart. The outcome is bound to be a new and better foundation on which to base our conduct and our relations with one another. Meanwhile all is in flux.

* * * *

Thus, always remembering that human happiness is the goal, the task of the next generation will be that of learning the use of the new assortment of instruments which science has placed in its hands. First of all must be a clear conception of the goal, next a certain knowledge that these gifts *are* instruments, not personal possessions, and lastly that wisdom, justice, and breadth of vision without which no great and happy civilization can be built.

# NEW MEMBERS

The following have joined the Yankee Division Veterans Association since January 1.

Fred E. Clock (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.), Thomas E. McGregor (M) (101st Inf.), A. Howard Neely (M) (102nd F. A.), Theodore R. Schoonmaker (M) (104th Inf.), Enoch Hall Doble (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Clayton G. Locke (M) (104th F. H.), Raymond H. Osgood (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Major James Brown, D.S.C. (M) (104th Inf.), Nigel H. Diamond (M) (104th Inf.), Sidney A. Newcombe (M) (104th Inf.), George J. Schreiner (M) (104th Inf.), Frank J. Olney (M) (101st Engrs.), Edwin M. Edwardsen (M) (104th Inf.), Ziba C. Keith (M) (101st Engrs.), Scott A. Cutler (M) (103rd Inf.), Eugene Maher (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), Robert A. McReynolds (M) (103rd Inf.), J. Herbert Beers (M) (102nd Amb. Co.), Bruce A. West (M) (101st F. A.), Philip M. Morgan (M) (101st F. A.), Charles V. Morgan, Jr. (M) (102nd Inf.), Thomas J. Brickley (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), Alvah H. Warren, Jr. (M) (102nd F. A.), F. W. Bailey (M) (103rd F. A.), Hollis H. Church (M) (101st Inf.), Joseph E. Coakley (M) (102nd F. A.), Edward Cote (M) (102nd F. A.), Edwin J. Barnes (M) (102nd Inf.), William G. Stark (M) (102nd Inf.), Clyde Freeman (M) (103rd F. A.), Lauren I. Laird (M) (104th Inf.), Leslie E. Barnett (M) (101st San. Tr.), Harry S. Linnell (M) (101st Mil. Pol.), Charles O. Bouve (M) (101st Engrs.), Donald G. Kimball (M) (101st Engrs.), Thomas E. Brassil (M) (104th Inf.), Ernest O. Fehrnstrom (M) (101st Engrs.), William F. Rowell (M) (101st Tr. Mor. Batt.), John J. Slaughter (M) (102nd F. A.), Oscar J. Maynard (M) (101st Sup. Tr.), David Stambler (M) (104th Inf.), Robert G. Jennings (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Henry W. Washburn, Jr. (M) (104th Inf.), Charles H. Kenney (M) (104th Inf.), J. H. Fountain (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), George Schobert (M) (101st Inf.), Charles C. Plumb (M) (103rd F. A.), Louis W. Fenner (M) (101st Sup. Tr.), Joseph LaPoint (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), Samuel F. Murdock (M) (102nd Inf)., Nicholas V. Jecusco (M) (102nd Inf.), Irving L. Marsh (M) (101st Engrs.), Richard A. Noyes (M) (51st F. A. Brig.), Ralph B. Westfall (M) (101st Inf.), Sidney S. McKinney (M) (Div. Comm.), John B. Wallace (M) (102nd Inf.), James P. Mahoney (M) (103rd F. A.), Earle H. Fisher (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), R. N. Wheelock (M) (101st F. A.), John Compagna (M) (103rd Inf.), Lester D. Kent (M) (101st Sup. Tr.), Egbert White (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.), Aughstus Cressy (M) (101st F. A.), Ernest F. Childs (M) (101st Inf.), Louis A. Wagner (M) (102nd Inf.), Edward W. Coughlin (M) (101st Sup. Tr.), William Fry (M) (104th Inf.), Earl R. Kindig (M) (103rd F. A.), Carl F. Fellows (M) (103rd Inf.), Eleuther Deconing (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), Wilson S. Falls (M) (101st M. G. Bn.), Harry L. Doane (M) (104th Inf.), Ray H. Roberts (M) (103rd M. G. Bn.), J. George Ostlund (M) (104th Inf.), Paul R. McCampbell (M) (104th Inf.), John Gilley (M) (103rd M. G. Bn.), Alan C. Livingston (M) (101st Engrs.), George J. Ferguson (M) (102nd F. A.), Walter F. Livermore (M) (101st Engrs.), H. Holbrook Hyde (M) (101st M. G. Bn.), George L. Branscombe (M) (101st Engrs.), Martin O'Reilly (M) (101st. Tr. Mor. Batt.), Ernest E. Fairbanks (M) (101st M. P.'s), Benjamin R. Woodbury (M) (103rd Inf.), George A. Streicher (M) (101st Engrs.), Herman L. Carter (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Addison F. Crafts (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.), Thomas J.

DRISCOLL (M) (101st Inf.), JOHN T. FARRELL (M) (101st Sup. Tr.), JOHN FORD (M) (101st Amb. Co.), JOSEPH E. GALVIN (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.), ARTHUR L. GAVIN (M) (26th Div. Hq.), KENNETH D. JOHNSON (M) (103rd F. A.), ROBERT J. KOWALL (M) (101st Engrs.), WILLIAM H. LEONARD (M) (101st Amm. Tr.), BLIN W. LUMSDEN (M) (101st F. A.), JOSEPH E. O'CONNOR (M) (104th Inf.), NELSON PATCHETT (M) (104th Inf.), WILLIAM ROSA (M) (104th Inf.), WALTER E. SEAVER (M) (101st Engrs.), ROBERT W. TUNSTALL (M) (104th Inf.), JAMES F. WALSH (M) (101st Inf.), A. IVER COLEMAN (M) (102nd Inf.), GEDEON N. LACROIX (M) (101st Amm. Tr.).

## NEW CLUB FORMED

Several organizations seem to be growing out of the recent Pilgrimage to France. The formation of the Society of the Children of Belleau and of the Yankee Division has already been mentioned in a previous number. Of a much less serious nature was an event which took place on the evening of February 4, when the "Soupcon Club," an organization really formed in France during the Pilgrimage, met and drew up plans for a permanent organization.

The YD Pilgrimage Committee, formed two years ago, under the chairmanship of SLATER WASHBURN (M), for the purpose of making and carrying out the plans for the trip to France, held a number of meetings, about twenty in all, and in that time its members got to be a regular family. It was soon found that there were no "duds" on that committee: every man was willing and eager to do his share and a little more, it was about the smoothest functioning and pleasantest committee ever assembled.

Not every one on the committee, unfortunately, was able to make the trip. Of those who went however, practically all were guests of Chairman WASHBURN (M) on a week's automobile trip around the old sectors, and it was during that epoch-making tour that the Soupcon Club really had birth.

The final meeting of the original committee, to wind up all unfinished business, was held on February 4, at the YD Club. Upon adjournment, the committee was declared dissolved, and repaired to the Engineers Club for dinner, where definite plans were made to perpetuate the little organization where every one had had such enjoyable times, and where friendship had counted for so much.

In a spirit of fun, and just to add interest, secret passwords, ritual, etc., were informally adopted, and the date of the Annual Meeting set on the nearest Saturday to September 28, the day the Pilgrimage left for France.

SLATER WASHBURN (M) was chosen by acclamation to be the presiding officer, with the rank and title of Soupcon Royale. A Vice-chairman and Secretary with equally appropriate titles were chosen.

During the course of the dinner, Slater, not in his newly elected capacity, but in recognition of his hospitality and generosity as host while in France, was presented with a silver cigarette casket upon which were inscribed the signatures of those who accompanied him in the tour of the original Soupcon Club.

There is nothing whatever official about this new club; it is merely a congenial group of fellows who found so much pleasure in one another's company that they couldn't bear to break up when the job was done.

## A BULL'S-EYE

There's one young feller connected with getting out YANKEE DOINGS who, we feel, doesn't get half the credit he deserves. His name appeared on Army records as PHILIP O. PALMSTROM (M). At that time and since, however, he has answered to the name of Pop. When he uncorks a stroke of genius such as his cover of last month, we've just got to tell him how much we love him.

If we consider the DOINGS mailing list to be two thousand, a conservative statement would be that 1999 laughs arose simultaneously in this land of ours during February, when the newswrapper was torn off and that cover appeared to view. The 2000th man was suffering from indigestion or a chronic grouch. And these statistics are no idle conjecture: on the night of the February smoker, the number to congratulate the editor for socking prohibition couldn't compare with those who rejoiced loudly over that work of Pop's. And rightly too: anyone can swing a hammer, but it takes a genius to set 2000 people laughing.

## A GRIEVANCE AIRED

A former soldier of the Yankee Division, PATRICK J. FOLEY, formerly of F Co., 101st Infantry, takes umbrage at the words, as quoted in the daily press, of a candidate for the office of District Attorney of Middlesex County. The statement, apparently made in a facetious vein, accused General LOGAN (M), in his capacity as a judge, of showing favoritism toward a YD man who was brought before him. Since Comrade FOLEY has asked to have his reply to this accusation published in YANKEE DOINGS, we are glad to accede. He writes:

> The enclosed clipping contains a story that is a slam at every former 101st Infantry veteran and our comrades who lie to-day beneath the soil they gave their lives to defend, and the man who made these remarks seeks to be elected as District Attorney of Middlesex County. He goes out to gatherings and makes the 101st Infantry the butt of his jokes.
>
> He would perhaps wish the good people of Middlesex to believe that our former colonel and comrade, EDWARD L. LOGAN (M), has before him in most trials a former 101st Infantry veteran, when, in reality, our former comrades are law-abiding and respected citizens.

# SPLENDID PICTURES OF YD PILGRIMAGE SHOWN AT FEBRUARY SMOKER

And still they come: strange faces by the score, intermingled with the "never-missers," filling the hall to every corner, and overflowing out into the corridor. To see the real YD Club, one must be present on a smoker night.

The February affair was held on the 27th, and the attraction of the evening was the showing of the long-awaited reels of motion pictures of the YD Pilgrimage taken by C. BIRD KEACH (M), and CLYDE FREEMAN, JR., (M), both of Providence, and formerly of the 103rd F. A.

These two young fellers went over with the Pilgrimage with a definite and carefully planned program worked out. They spent part of last summer in obtaining and studying the battle maps and orders of their old regiment, and laying out a program which would take them to all their old positions. Then, arming themselves with a motion picture camera, O. D. uniforms, and a faithful Ford car, they went to it. Unlike most of the others who spent the first five days in Paris, they set out on their tour almost as soon as the ship docked, but were present, of course, at the dedication of the Memorial. The results of their plans and their work must be gratifying to them, as they certainly were a treat to the throng who watched the pictures at the Club. Since returning, they have spent months in the cutting, titling and assembling of the film, with a result that would arouse the jealousy of a professional. They came up from Providence on this occasion, at their own expense and certainly deserve the three rousing cheers and a tiger which the crowd gave them with a will.

And not only that, but they brought with them the sum of $114, collected at a showing of the pictures before YD Post, V.F.W., for the Memorial fund. Not to be outdone, President EASTMAN (M) "passed the box" with the result of an additional $126 to be given in the names of Messrs KEACH (M) and FREEMAN (M).

After a preliminary showing of a professional reel of war subjects, the scene opens with curtains drawing aside to reveal the seal of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. Many feet, but not too many, are given to the departure of the Carmania from East Boston, and the thrilling ride down the harbor. This part contains many beautiful "shots": a view from the pier as the steamer is being wafted out into the stream, the white billows of steam from the tugs contrasting sharply with the dark silhouettes in the foreground of figures on the pier waving "bon voyage"; the settling into the water and rising again of the seaplane which escorted the ship down the harbor, taken against the background of the familiar islands of the harbor; dropping the pilot, a picture worthy of an oil painting, as the little tender put off to the sailing boat against a sunset sky; then a sweep eastward to the landless horizon ahead. We who were so fortunate as to have been there were recalled to the great joy of that hour.

The shots taken in mid-ocean were no less exquisitely selected, a level angle view looking down from one of the upper decks onto the bow of the ship as she rose and fell slowly—so slowly—in the long swell, the horizon appearing to lift and drop; a sharply vertical view over the side into the churning creamy water as it rushed against the steel hull of the ship; "Morning" looking over the bows into the sunrise, "Evening," gazing astern into the sunset.

Then for the "personal interest." Introduced by the catchy title "Some of the Aristocracy," and each figure presented by a subtitle—not lettered—but the man's own fac-simile signature, came a procession of well known officers and men of the Division, led of course by General EDWARDS (LM). Generals SHERBURNE (LM) and COLE (LM), Fr. FARRELL (M), CARROLL SWAN (LM) and a dozen others, as they walked smiling up to the camera, received rousing applause.

Deck sports, filled with the bright sunny air of mid-ocean, comfortable figures "at ease" on deck chairs; then the stormy entrance into Plymouth Harbor, with the lighter coming alongside amid rolling white caps; and at last the title "France."

### Through Familiar Scenes

Each of the tours to the several sectors was preceded by an animated map upon which a moving line showed the course we were to follow. Old emplacements and dug-outs relocated, shell holes clearly depicted by Freeman running down into them and disappearing from view, to reappear clambering out the other side; old friends found and brought reluctantly forth to pose before the camera; one or two "intimate" shots of some of the normal functions of life, done a la Francais; towns and villages and long, straight, poplar lined roads, cafes and restaurants requiring little imagination to depict the good times within, which could not be taken because of lack of light. Each village introduced—not by a lettered title, but by a shot of an old familiar kilometer stone or one of the Citroen road signs upon which the village name appeared—all except poor Torcy, whose name appeared clumsily painted on a few old shattered planks, nailed to a post. Familiar

names, Lucy-le-Bocage, Soissons, Torcy, Belleau, Beuvardes, Epieds, Montsec, Mandres, Hammonville, Ansauville, Mouilly, Bras, each a memory.

While Keach ground the crank, Freeman shot around Dead Man's Curve in ten seconds flat—on foot. At the top of Montsec, a view of the foundations of the mammoth memorial which the United States is erecting, and views, like airplane pictures, of the Plain of the Woevre, far below, where, as General EDWARDS (LM) said, the Germans could look down the backs of our necks.

The views of the Dedication Ceremony at Belleau were exceptionally fine, showing all the important personages and features of that impressive occasion.

Paris,—the exquisite, flawless beauty of Place de la Concorde, l'Arc de Triomphe, le pont Alexandre III, l'Avenue Champs Elysees, le Grand Palais. Then —a view of the little white cross above the grave of each man of their old battery whose body rests in France, and the curtain falls over the Stars and Stripes floating above their eternal resting place.

Preceding the showing of the pictures, and between reels, President EASTMAN (M) made several announcements of general interest, and, with the assistance of WALLY DAY (M) gave a rendition, to the tune of Hinky Dinky Parley Voo, of a little ditty composed, with suitable inspiration in bottled form, while on the Carmania.

Through the assistance of MONTY BROWN (M) the returns of the Sharkey-Scott fight were received via loud speaker during the closing reels of the pictures.

One of the distinguished guests of the evening was Judge Joseph R. McCoole, who with General EDWARDS (LM) is administering the Lotta Crabtree estate. Called upon by the President, he spoke briefly of the pleasure of working with and for veterans.

At the close of the meeting, General EDWARDS (LM) who had been an interested spectator, spoke a few moments of the trip. It was voted unanimously to convey to the Governor of Massachusetts the Club's approval of the tentative plans of the Massachusetts War Memorial Commission of their project for the Charles River Island and the monument in Western Massachusetts. Generals EDWARDS (LM), SHERBURNE (LM) and LOGAN (M), are all members of this commission, as well as several other YD men.

The meeting broke up with the usual refreshments and small parties.

—P. N. S. (M)

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Judge: "Did you hit this man in an excess of irrascibility?"

Mose: "No, sah, jedge, Ah jus' hit 'im in the stummick."

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Fretful youngster, calling from bedroom: "Dad, I want a drink."

Dad: "So do I. Go to sleep."

## FROM THE CUNARD LINE

Mr. Philip N. Sanborn, Secretary,
Y. D. Pilgrimage Committee,
Dear Mr. Sanborn:

It is a source of extreme gratification that in the closing days of the Yankee Division Pilgrimage Committee you were moved to write us in such friendly and complimentary terms regarding the Memorial Pilgrimage movement by our steamers.

We on our part were very much pleased that even in the crucial moments, you personally, and the other officials of the YD displayed a most reasonable and friendly attitude.

This naturally put us on our mettle, and I assure you that it was a very great pleasure to every man, in both the shore staff and the sea staff of the Cunard Line, to meet, or even anticipate your wishes.

We have been fortunate enough to transport many large parties in recent years, and in bringing our official relationship to a close, think it only fair to say that in no movement have we been the recipient of any finer degree of co-operation, courtesy, and fair-dealing than we have received at the hands of the YD Pilgrimage Committee.

Yours truly,
C. C. Dasey,
Passenger Manager,
Cunard Line.

Boston, Feb. 11.

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## FROM OUR TOURIST AGENCY

Philip N. Sanborn, Esq., Secretary,
Yankee Division Pilgrimage Committee.
Dear Mr. Sanborn:

It was very thoughful of you to write us expressing your satisfaction with the manner in which the Franco-Belgique Tours Company handled the arrangements for the Yankee Division Pilgrimage.

We are gratified to know that everybody was pleased with our services and with our personnel, and assure you it is no "stock phrase" when we voice the sentiments of our entire Company in stating that the Yankee Division group are about the most pleasant ladies and gentlemen that we have ever had the pleasure of doing business with.

Cordially yours,
Franco-Belgique Tours Co., Inc.
T. A. Broderick.

New York,
February 13.

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Mary—"I had a date with a boy friend last night at home and he only stayed an hour."

Mabel—"Gosh, bet that was a night wasted away."

Mary—"Don't be foolish. He isn't an efficiency expert for nothing!"

—*The Waif*

# A THREESOME IN SWITZERLAND

**By Philip N. Sanborn (M)**

*(Continued from last month)*

The tourist people had forgotten nothing and a cheerful, rosy cheeked youngster, wearing the name of the company on his hat, took us in tow at the station. The hotel was but a few yards away and we chose to walk, while a flunkey pushed our baggage along behind in one of the station trucks. The English spoken by our guide was excellent, yet his vocabulary a constant delight. It tickled some obscure corner of my sense of humor to hear him refer to majestic Pilatus, piercing the sky above us as "a very nice mountain."

The hotel accommodations were splendid, and after a hasty toilet, we fared forth to make the most of the remaining half hour or so of daylight. The hazy twilight horizon of the matchless lake, the serried skyline of near and distant ranges—but we promised not to try to describe it and we must keep our promise. Although the regular tourist season was over, nearly all of the fine shops were open, and Madame was not the only one to become fascinated in window gazing. We bought a few things under her expert guidance, but the obligations were not all on one side, for whereas we knew little of linen or jewelry, she was a bit hazy on the monetary system —and little wonder, for we were still talking francs, but these Swiss francs were worth twenty cents instead of four.

Mountains, lakes, and shopping notwithstanding, Al and I got to thinking about beer. Strange but true, and we got to thinking more and more about it. The ritzy *strasse* of gold-plated shops presented nothing wet but the view of the lake, and the horrible thought struck us that perhaps Switzerland had gone Volstead without our hearing of it. This was too alarming a conjecture to go uninvestigated, so Al invested the Madame with several additional francs, and we left her in a paradise of linen and lace, with a promise to be at the hotel at dinner time.

Snooping around in the old part of town, the first few minutes seemed about to confirm our worst fears, but all of a sudden, Al, who was walking on the inside, did a right face so abruptly that I found myself walking alone. Looking back I was in time to see him push open the door of a dimly lighted sort of place that might have been most anything. He was right, and about two tall ones apiece convinced us if you want to know how good beer can be, go to Lucerne.

Dinner that night was delicious and faultlessly served. Having been initiated into the niceties of high society aboard the Carmania, we had coffee and the inevitable Cointreau brought to us in an alcove of the foyer while a string orchestra played softly. (Sad thoughts of these days of playing millionaires this winter while shovelling ashes out of the furnace.)

Next morning we were taken by automobile for a tour of the city and the surrounding beauty spots, including of course the famous Lion of Lucerne, carved in the face of a cliff in memory of the five hundred Swiss guards who died to the last man in defense of Marie Antoinette during the French Revolution. Our car had a top which folded back, and some of the views of the lake shore and the beautiful estates on the surrounding hills, to all of which we were conducted by our guide of the day before, were magnificent.

If time had permitted, nothing would have pleased us more than to have taken one of the many boat trips down the lake, but our schedule called for us to leave Lucerne at 2:30 in the afternoon. So after an altogether satisfactory lunch (served by an altogether pretty waitress) in a quiet, clean little place, not much frequented by tourists, to which our guide directed us, we walked back to the hotel to get our bags and leave. Crossing the crooked, old historic covered bridge, shown in every picture of Lucerne, we paused to watch the many species of ducks and swans who have their little houses along the lake shore, and have the status of regular citizens of the town.

### Through the Brunig Pass

The ride from Lucerne to Interlaken, I think all of us remember as one of the most fascinating experiences of the trip. A little narrow gauge road, with cars divided into compartments opening directly into each other by means of center doors, led first up one spur of Pilatus, to the junction where one changes for the cog-railway to the summit. Farther on, after skirting the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, we commenced the long climb up through the Brunig Pass. The day was perfect; we had a compartment to ourselves, and our only regret as we kept trotting from the window on one side to that on the other was that we found it impossible to look out both at the same time. Because of the peculiar contours of the land, the effect at first is not so much one of climbing as of the valley dropping lower and lower beneath our eyes until its houses and grazing cattle are dwarfed to mere specks. Across on the hills opposite, chalets and creamy stucco houses seem to cling to the most airy pinnacles. The roadbed itself, although not comparable with such miracles as that which ascends the Jungfrau, is a marvel of skill; trestles spanning dizzy gorges, and tunnels boring

their way through solid rock cliffs. At points where the grade is steepest, an additional engine is hitched on behind which snorts and pushes valiantly while the axles of all the cars are engaged in a cable between the rails to keep the whole train from sliding back down into the lake. Time and again, with our pusher detached, we said, "Now we have reached the top," but, craning our heads out the window, we would see an even steeper grade ahead with another pusher waiting on a spur track to do its bit. At the summit of the pass, the ground was lightly sprinkled with snow while the air was frigid. (While the engine took a rest, we had a beer—or was it rum, I've forgotten.)

The descent was smooth and rapid. At Meieringen we pulled into the station one direction and back out again—other end to. It was quite dark when we arrived at Interlaken, and a sleepier place no one ever looked upon. The season was all over here and there was no question about it. The only hotel open was the one to which we had been assigned, comfortable enough, but not in the class with our ritzy billet in Lucerne.

However we discovered they had a quaint custom there which was not altogether without its commendable points. Upon ordering rum (just an appetizer, you know), we discovered that it was the rule of the house, apparently, to serve it in wine glasses. *Such* a shot—oh, well,—if that was the worst thing ever to happen to us. And by the way, these frequent allusions to "we" in connection with certain beverages which it will soon be a sin to mention, refer solely to the male two-thirds of our threesome. Good gosh, we don't want anybody to get the idea that the Madame was in on them: she was a darn good sport not to knock our two heads together.

Interlaken itself was a dud—at least at the time of year we saw it, and on a cloudy day. No doubt it's a grand burg in season. If you want to know all the things there are there, read a guide book: the only thing I saw was the biggest cigar store I ever laid eyes on, with boxes of cigars from every civilized country including the Scandinavian. I'll wager if Gus Furdon (M) had been there he could have got a "Marksman."

And one other thing: the hotel where we stopped housed some first cousins of Wayne B. Wheeler (may he rest in peace, but may he rest anyhow). Can you picture being able to have Sauterne or Sparkling Burgundy, just by asking for it (and paying for it) and sitting with a sour face drinking—ice water! Yeah, about six of 'em, mostly female, of uncertain age, loaded down with maps, guide books and itineraries. So many feet high, so many years old, so many hours stop—a glass of water, please, good night!

### Lauterbrunnen Valley

Next morning, in fact all the next day, marked the high water point of our trip. Lauterbrunnen Valley, who shall speak its loveliness? Time prevented our making the ascent of Jungfraujoch, or even taking the shorter trip to Kleine Scheidig, but Lauterbrunnen will remain with us always. Picture a chasm a thousand meters deep in solid rock: then the sides draw apart leaving a grass carpeted floor, down the center of which flows the Aare River. The rock walls at either side as if cut with a giant knife, sprays of falling water dropping from such heights they blow away in vapor. The eternal, never ceasing musical note of many toned cow bells, the joyful banter of leaping goats, the sun breaks through, the mists rise, and there between a cleft at the top of the rock wall—far, far above in the heavens—the glistening white summit of Jungfrau. Life holds only a few such moments.

Here in this valley, after visiting Trummelsbach Falls, an awe-inspiring cataract whose falling, thunderous course lies not on the face of the cliff, but deep within it, where it is viewed under the illumination of many colored lights, as one prowls about cold and spray filled tunnels, we emerged into the tender warmth of noon sunlight to lunch sumptuously, on a spacious outdoor terrace. Here we had a visitor in the shape of the hugest dog that ever was. He was a good natured old fellow, and well mannered, but if he had chosen to help himself to what lay on the table, he would have had to get down on his knees to reach it. Instead, he amused himself by snapping up some of the yellow-jackets which buzzed around in the sunlight.

That night we bought a few pictures, at least the others did while I had a snooze perched on a stool in one of the shops. Next morning we headed for Paris.

A three or four hour lay-over in Berne found that old thirst troubling us again (see explanation somewhere above). Rum with beer chaser proved a novel experiment but horrified the cafe keeper, and didn't please the Madame (who spent the interim window shopping) any too well. She claimed to have memorized every window display in town by the time we emerged.

Trying to get lunch was a funny experience. A clean looking little place, like a Hood's dairy lunch, appealed to us. The waitress spoke no English, no one of us knew a word of German, so we had to compromise on French. When it is remarked that the waitress's was no better than mine, the difficulties are apparent. At any rate, it turned out that all they served was bread and milk. Not so hot. Just by luck we stumbled into another place where they sized us up as wanting to stoke up for the next three weeks, and brought us a quantity of food—all excellent—in proportion. We were no quitters: clean the plate and let the belt buckles bust when they may.

The proprietor of the place, radiating geniality, came over and made himself known to us. To our timid inquiry, "Do you speak English?" his reply was, "I should hope to tell you" or "And how!" or words to that effect. Loyal Bernese that he was,

he was quite overcome with sadness when he found we had but another half hour to stay and had not seen the town. All action, he disappeared to return with his hat and coat, dash to the door and summon a taxi, beckon us to follow on, and we were off on the most concentrated sight-seeing tour it has ever been my luck to enjoy. I don't remember all we saw, and small wonder, but that which gave our erstwhile host the greatest joy (he actually rubbed his hands in glee) was showing us the bears. If ducks are citizens of Lucerne, the bears are indeed the aristocracy of Berne: they are an institution. Hardly breaking his stride, our guide bought a bunch of carrots from one of the stands and we registered amusement while the bears, down in their concrete pits, begged, spoke, and caught the tidbit in their mouths. Some of the little fellows preferred to stop the carrots with their shoulders and then pick them up. Good as his word, our genial host had us at the station with three minutes to spare and we were on our way to Paris.

*(The End)*

# THE GHOST WALKS

The invitation extended last month to DOINGS readers to express their opinion as to whether a mistake was being made in continuing to discuss the prohibition question has brought forth several answers. Most of those who felt that DOINGS was not overstepping its bounds, and that the discussion was quite within the rightful province of the paper, stated their opinion verbally, many on the night of the February smoker. Several have written in, stating their stand. Their letters are published here. The principal objection seems to be that talk on the subject accomplishes nothing—which may be true. However, a public opinion which remains inarticulate never becomes known: if no one had ever spoken, it is doubtful if the question would have found its way onto the ballot in several states, as it is about to next Fall. If it is true that what one very small magazine has to say carries no weight, it is equally true that what any other publication, large or small, has to say carries no weight. For it is a mathematical fact that a thousand times zero is still zero. However, be that as it may, let's hear what the readers have to say.

## SICK OF HEARING ABOUT IT

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

As you doubtless remember, I have expressed my appreciation of the editorials in YANKEE DOINGS in the past, which I think have been fine. I must however now enter my protest for this reason. Every newspaper, magazine, and all other printed matter today is full of the prohibition question, both wet and dry, until I for one am heartily sick of hearing about it. So for my peace of mind, I am asking one magazine to keep its pages free from this very vital question. I do not think that anything can be accomplished by writing about it in our magazine, and your other editorials were of first quality.

(Dr.) MERRITT F. GARLAND (M)
(C Batt., 101st F. A.)

Haverhill, Mass.
March 1

## NO ONE, PROBABLY

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Please forego, forgive and forget the subject of prohibition as inspiration for your distinguished eds. I'm a moron, I suspect, but in me they excite no emotion other than gentle regret. In the past you so regularly hit on a new idea, manufactured one, or stated a fuzzy one better, that we Constant Readers marvelled, even while we ungraciously failed to applaud.

Now you seem, doubtless with burning conviction, bugged on the booze ballyhoo. But here's the rub: it's a harangue in which you can't possibly say anything new. Moreover, who, among those who read DOINGS from C. to C., do you honestly think cares a hurrah-ding what you think of prohibition?

"FEZ" (M)

## A SUGGESTION

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

One trouble with a hearty espousal of either side of the prohibition argument is the risk one runs of finding himself classed with some others whose motives are altogether different from his own. Champion the cause of the antis because you believe prohibition is unsuccessful or a blunder of statesmanship, and at once you find yourself aboard the same wagon with boozers and all others whose only objective is a land where the rum will flow in rivers.

If there are two things I believe in this world, they are that prohibition is bad and that temperance is good. And since so many welkin ringers appear to be perfectly well able to tell the world what is wrong, and so d—— few make any attempt to say how it can be made better (no offense intended), just to be different, here is a suggestion.

In the first place, the proposition of letting each state make its own decision is so much hooey. There are forty-eight states and God knows how many miles of border. To imagine that a dry state could be kept dry requires a pretty active, not to say unbalanced, imagination. If the majority of citizens of any state

don't want any liquor, no one will make them drink any, which is a much greater degree of forebearance than they display toward those who do. If *no one* in the state wants any, then it *will* be dry—and presumably contented. So—the notion of wet and dry states—by law—is (pardon it, please) all wet.

Here is my recipe. Elect an anti-prohibition Congress. Let them present to the states for ratification an amendment to the Constitution nullifying the 18th, and providing simply that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be subject to the regulation of the Federal government. Simply that and nothing more.

While the states are making up their minds whether to ratify or not, the following regulations could be drawn up and presented to the country with the promise that they would be enacted into law upon ratification of the new amendment. Unlimited sale of wine and beer—subject to government inspection—with the proviso that it should not be drunk on the premises unless served with meals. Provision for the licensing of not more than a specified number (in proportion to population) of dealers in spirits and liquors of high alcoholic content, who should conform, under government enforcement, to the following regulations. To sell only a specified quantity per year or per month to one customer—each customer to obtain a permit to purchase, and to present such license, bearing positive identification (such as a photograph), upon making each purchase—the quantity purchased and the date to be filled in and a copy kept by the vendor. Enforcement agents to check up at intervals on sales made and quantities on hand, and to obtain explanation of any discrepancies. Rigid enforcement and severe penalties for any and all infractions.

There it is. Shoot it full of holes. I won't cry. At least you'd stop people drinking rank poison, and you'd have public opinion behind prosecutions. That would be something.

—"Triple Sec"

## FOR BIGGER AND BETTER BURGLARY

Archibald Calder, of Montgomery (Mass.), returned home one day recently, after a brief absence, to find the chimney of his house missing. The difficulty of identifying a chimney apart from its environment, and when resolved into its component elements, provided a problem admittedly beyond the capabilities of the police.—*News Item.*

With robbery brought to such a degree of refinement, we may expect to read, in the near future, such items as these.

Rudolph Skunch of Windowmop, Idaho, confesses to the surprise of his life last night. On going into the cellar to stoke up his heater, he found that the concrete floor had been neatly rolled up and carted away while he had been listening to his radio.

Officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad expressed the utmost astonishment today in reporting to New York Police Headquarters that all the rails and ties for a stretch of one mile in the Hudson River tube had been stolen sometime between trains.

Early morning workers, while crossing Boston Common this morning, were aware of something missing in the familiar scenery. Someone, under cover of darkness, had removed the gilded dome from the State House and made away with it without leaving any clue.

## AN OREGON YANKEE WRITES

Editor of Yankee Doings:

I like to keep in touch with the Yankee Division, in which I fought during the war. I also fought with the 2nd Oregon in '98 and '99, during the War with Spain, and was in Mexico.

I left everything to go to France, and after I got there, they spoke to me about plowing as they were going to farm for our government. I didn't like that, so I went before the officers and told them I came to fight; that I could have staid at home and done that much. So, when they saw an opening, they transferred me.

I didn't know where I was going until I found myself in the Yankee Division in the Spring of the year, before the Million Dollar Barrage was thrown and we went into the firing line before Montsec, in the Toul sector, I guess.

I'm almost alone here; only a few that fought live around here outside the Spanish War veterans, and I think many times of the Yankee Division that originated in the New England States.

*I'm so far away that I can't get to see you, but I like to think that I belonged to your division,* called in history the "Yankee Devils." I've spent lots of time in the Army and it has caused me lots of loss, but I feel I did the right thing, *and I'm with you fellows, if I am so far away. With sincere thoughts of you all.*

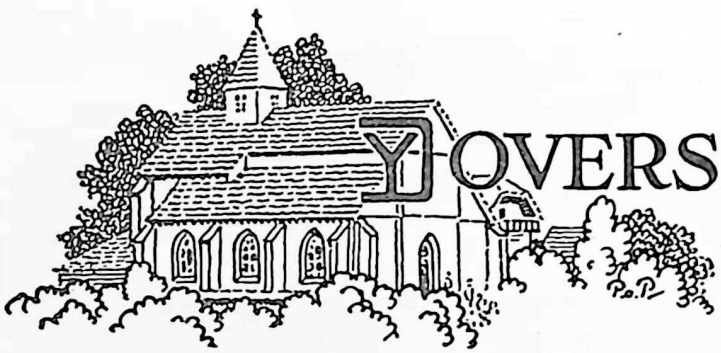
William Fry (M)
(104th Inf.)

Woodbourne, Ore.
Feb. 8.

## ANOTHER YD MAN OF LETTERS

At the time this is written, one of the leading playhouses of Boston is showing the motion picture, "Street of Chance," which has received excellent press notices, even from those critics who do not make a practice of spreading the honey. The play was written by Oliver H. P. Garrett (Med. Det., 101st Engrs.).

Not much has been heard from Garrett in YD circles since the war, but his name has often been encountered in signed articles in the New York press, and in some of the higher grade magazines.



# Y-OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

*"Every man give one day's pay"*

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO MARCH 1

| | *Cash Rec'd* | *Pledges* | *Totals* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Div. Hq. & Hq. Troop | $3,652.70 | $140.00 | $3,792.70 |
| 101 Infantry | 3,239.78 | 227.00 | 3,466.78 |
| 101 F. A. | 8,465.09 | 176.50 | 8,641.59 |
| 101 Tr. M. | 112.00 | 5.00 | 117.00 |
| 101 Sup. Tr. | 229.30 | 40.00 | 269.30 |
| *101 San. Tr. | 1,250.65 | 10.00 | 1,260.65 |
| 101 F. Sig. | 519.32 | 57.00 | 576.32 |
| 101 Tr. Hq. & M. P. | 308.95 | 34.00 | 342.95 |
| 101 M. G. Bn. | 1,018.59 | 15.00 | 1,033.59 |
| 101 M. O. R. S. | 32.00 | | 32.00 |
| 101 Engrs. | 5,006.28 | 262.00 | 5,268.28 |
| 101 Amm. Tr. | 2,386.85 | 52.00 | 2,438.85 |
| 102 Infantry | 1,811.38 | 150.50 | 1,961.88 |
| 102 F. A. | 3,103.45 | 122.25 | 3,225.70 |
| 102 M. G. Bn. | 1,320.40 | 105.00 | 1,425.40 |
| 103 Infantry | 6,832.30 | 1,212.00 | 8,044.30 |
| 103 F. A. | 4,226.53 | 57.50 | 4,284.03 |
| 103 M. G. Bn. | 638.95 | 131.00 | 769.95 |
| 104 Infantry | 3,748.21 | 173.00 | 3,921.21 |
| 51st Art. Brig. | 622.00 | | 622.00 |
| 52nd Inf. Brig. | 208.43 | 10.00 | 218.43 |
| 51st Inf. Brig. | 143.40 | | 143.40 |
| Miscellaneous | 1,954.84 | 66.00 | 2,020.84 |
| Bank Int. | 1,709.73 | | 1,709.73 |
| Postage on broch. | 4.38 | | 4.38 |
| | $52,545.51 | $3,045.75 | $55,591.26 |

* Includes
101 F. H.
101 Amb.
101 San. Tr.
102 F. H.
102 Amb.
103 F. H.
103 Amb.
104 F. H.
104 Amb.

Donors 4227 Pledges 241

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)

(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

| | |
|---|---|
| Louis C. Ricknagel | 101 M. G. |
| B. B. Bush (Add.) | 104 Inf. |
| Prov. Marine Corps of Artillery (Add.) | 103 F. A. |
| Arthur L. Frellick (Add.) | 101 Am. Tr. |
| Milton E. Davis (Add.) | 103 F. A. |
| A. Clyde Freeman and Bird Keach for R. I. Window account | 103 F. A. |

Just about as this number of DOINGS reaches its readers, a letter will be in the mail to approximately 20,000 former soldiers of the Division, voicing a final appeal for about $8000 to complete the work of our Memorial in Belleau. It is hoped by the committee that the response will be prompt and generous.

The sub-committee which is checking and preparing the list of names of the Division's dead to be inscribed on the stone memorial placques in the church is having troubles of its own. The list submitted by the Adjutant General of the Army, upon which this work is based, has been found to be surprisingly complete. Many men of different outfits have looked it over and found the names of all the dead of their company included. However, some of the names are absolutely incredible, even bearing in mind how odd names can be. A list of about 80 of the "queerest" looking ones were sent back to Washington to be checked with the original records for spelling. It turned out that 35 out of the 80 were mis-spelled on the list sent us. Which casts a lot of uncertainty on the accuracy of the other 2800. The Adjutant General's office claims it will take them about eight months to check the whole list. And there we are: meanwhile efforts are being made to find a way out of the difficulty.

JUDSON HANNIGAN (M) reports that the Constitution of the Children of Belleau and of the Yankee Division has been completed and now awaits the approval of the Y.D.V.A. Further details of this new organization will be given next month.

## A CHANCE TO BE OF REAL HELP

The YD Club of Boston is now operating the Mayflower Ball Room, on the ground floor of the club building. Many discriminating patrons have pronounced it the prettiest ball room in Boston. Public dances are being held on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. On the other nights of the week it is open to the rental of private parties.

If you belong to an organization which occasionally holds a dance, they could not choose a place where they would obtain more comfort and pleasure for an equal price. Whenever you hear of an event of this sort, mention the Mayflower Ball Room, and you will materially help the Club.

# MORE OR LESS OFFICIAL

## MARK THE DATE IN YOUR HAT

On the evening of Thursday, April 3, the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Yankee Division Veterans Association will be held at the YD Club of Boston. The committee is working to put on an attractive program that evening, and it is hoped that many of the members will make it an occasion to get down or up to Boston and talk over old times with old comrades.

The monthly smokers of the YD Club of Boston are about as enjoyable affairs as can well be imagined. Unfortunately only members of the Boston Club are invited. The Annual Convention of the Y.D.V.A. is the one time a year when all the members of the organization have the opportunity to get together. Of course it is too much to expect that some of our members in places like Finland and Hawaii can get around, but if a bunch of fellows right here in New England make their plans to show up, we can promise them they won't be sorry.

There is no banquet planned, and consequently no expense involved. The business meeting will be cut short, and will be followed either by a bang-up motion picture or some equally enjoyable program.

It is probable, although not yet certain, that a big Divisional reunion will be held in Boston in the Fall, during the National Convention of the American Legion.

One of the things to be decided at the April 3 meeting will be the place of next year's Annual Convention. So come on, Worcester, Portland, New Haven, and all the rest: if you want the affair in your own back yard next year, we Boston guys are ready to go.

## ANNUAL MEETING, YD CLUB OF BOSTON

The Annual Meeting of the YD Club of Boston is one of those "in-between" events which come too early in the month for an announcement in DOINGS and too late for an account of what took place.

This year, the date fell on March 12, and next month's issue will contain the names of the newly elected officers and a report of any other business transacted.

## ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, Y. D. V. A.

To All Whom it May Concern:

In accordance with Article VI, Section 3, of the Amended By-Laws of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, notice is hereby given that the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Association will be held at Association Headquarters, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, on Thursday, April 3, 1930, at 8.00 o'clock P. M., at which time and place all regular business which can properly come before the legislative body of the Association will be considered.

Each active member present shall be entitled to one vote provided his dues for the year ending March 31, 1930, shall have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said Annual Convention.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM)
*President.*

PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
*Secretary*

## REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE, Y. D. V. A.

Secretary, Yankee Division Veterans Association:

We respectfully submit the following nominations for officers of the Yankee Division Veterans Association for the year 1930-1931:

Honorary President: Major General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM), U.S.A., Retired. *

President: CARROLL J. SWAN (LM) (101st Engrs.)

Chaplain: Rev. WILLIAM J. FARRELL (M) (103rd F. A.) *

Treasurer: KENNETH POULTON (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.) *

Vice Presidents:

Maine: FRANK M. HUME (M) (103rd Inf.)

New Hampshire: ELIOT A. CARTER (M) (103rd Inf.) *

Vermont: JAMES BROWN (M) (104th Inf.)

Massachusetts: THOMAS ROGER COVEY (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.)

Rhode Island: CHARLES BIRD KEACH (M) (103rd F. A.)

Connecticut: LESLIE R. BARLOW (M) (102nd Amb. Co.)

At Large:

EDGAR A. ERLANDSON (M) (101st Engrs.)

JOHN MACNEIL (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.)

Additional Members of Executive Committee:

LAWRENCE A. WAGNER (M) (104th Inf.)

JOHN MAGUIRE (M) (101st Inf.)

A. JOHN HALFENSTINE (M) (101st F. A.)

The Nominating Committee:

WILLIAM J. BROWN (LM) *Chm.*
HOWARD A. SANDERSON (M)
CHARLES B. WATSON (M)
H. GUY WATTS (M)
EVERETT H. CASWELL (M)

* Candidates for re-election.

# YD CLUB OF WASHINGTON

The Annual Meeting of the YD Club of Washington was held at the Army and Navy Club, Saturday evening, February 8, 1930. After enjoying a banquet, the members adjourned to the Board Room where the meeting was called to order by General GEORGE S. SIMONDS (M), the president. The treasurer's report, as read and approved, showed that the financial condition of the club has improved during the year—the deficit has been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self.

JACK CONNOLLY (M), who has spent most of the last two years in Europe, was in town on a flying visit and attended the meeting. Jack is the European representative of the movie industry with headquarters in Paris. It's a tough life, but Jack appears to be standing it in fine shape.

Captain WILLIAM J. H. RYAN, U.S.A., who is undergoing treatment at Walter Reed Hospital, also attended. He was introduced by Congressman BILLY CONNERY (M) as the "man who swore me into the Army." It was agreed all around that Captain Ryan had earned a D. S. C. by that act alone. He is still in the Army and is stationed at Manchester, N. H.

After a brisk but friendly engagement between the administration and insurgent factions, the entire administration slate was elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

President, Lt. Col. PELHAM D. GLASSFORD (M)
1st Vice-president, RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (M)
2nd Vice-president, Capt. ROLAND T. FENTON (M)
3rd Vice-president, JOHN CASWELL, JR., (M)
Secretary, JOSEPH P. QUINLAN (M)
Treasurer, NATE D. GOLDEN (M)
Directors (2 years), JAMES W. BOYER, JR.
EUGENE F. BURR (M)
J. ROBERT CONROY

Immediately after the election General SIMONDS (M) turned the gavel over to Colonel GLASSFORD (M) and the new administration was launched. General Simonds reviewed the past year briefly and bespoke for Colonel Glassford the generous support of all the members for the coming year.

Colonel Glassford, in a brilliant inaugural address, promised to keep the club stepping during his term of office. The theme song will be the artillery song.

A committee consisting of QUEENIN (M), WILNER (M), and FENTON (M) was appointed to make final arrangements for the decoration of graves in Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day. The committee has obtained a blueprint of the cemetery showing the number and location of all graves, and a list of all Y. D. graves with the numbers. The plan is to spot all YD graves on the blueprint and then go over to the cemetery a few days before Memorial Day, locate the YD graves from the blueprint and place a temporary marker on each. This will greatly simplify the work of decorating the graves on Memorial Day and prevent any omissions. The problem of securing sufficient flowers is always a big one. Last year Captain FENTON was able to secure a truckload from a friend in Baltimore. It is hoped that the club will be as fortunate this year.

Colonel GLASSFORD (M) appointed a committee consisting of General SIMONDS (M), Chairman; QUEENIN (M) and BOYER to formulate a program of events for the coming year.

JIM BOYER announced that JACK LEITZING is a patient at Mount Alto Hospital here. It was regretted that Jack was unable to be present. As a sergeant of the 104th Infantry Jack captured the first Heinie taken by the Division, and was the first member of the Division to receive a Croix de Guerre. At the present time he is being examined for retirement under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act.

Congressman CONNERY (M) appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives a few days ago and asked that a bill providing for the immediate payment of the bonus be reported out. The club adopted unanimously a resolution commending Congressman CONNERY (M) for this action and urging that the Committee adopt his suggestion.

The club also adopted, unanimously, a resolution expressing the complete confidence of the members in the integrity and ability of Colonel JOHN F. J. HERBERT (M), and voted to send copies of the resolution to Commissioner Doran, Senators Borah and Wheeler, and to YANKEE DOINGS. A great deal of publicity has been given in the past few weeks to charges against Colonel Herbert reported by Senator Borah on the floor of the Senate. It is unfortunate that a man in the exalted position of United States Senator would bellow these charges to the world on the floor of the Senate without making any effort to verify them or check up the man making them. Such an investigation would have shown him that the man who originated the charges is a "nervous disability" case on the rolls of the Veterans' Bureau; that he was discharged from the employ of the Veterans' Bureau for the same tactics; that he is actuated by so-called "100% American" religious ideas, and that the charges were manufactured in the distorted brain of a mental incompetent. The members of the club were very much gratified by the fact that all of Colonel Herbert's superiors defended him vigorously from the Senatorial gas attack.

It is reported that Captain MARTIN KENEALY (M) has resigned his position as chief of the Fort Meade (Maryland) Fire Department and taken up his residence in Baltimore.

The club voted to ask the Director of the Veterans' Bureau to reconsider his decision on the disability rating of JOSEPH KALASAUCKIS (102nd Infantry). Kalasauckis lost one leg, the other was crippled and one arm was badly shot up. His field of employment is extremely limited.

GEORGE H. YOUNG (M) who is employed in the Census Bureau is leaving for Columbus, Ohio, with his family, on official duty. For the next six months he will act in a supervisory capacity in connection with the taking of the 1930 census.

JOE QUINLAN (M) recently made a business (and) trip to Toronto for the National Lumber Manufacturers Association.

After the business at hand had been disposed of the story-telling contest was taken up where it was dropped at the last meeting. BILLY CONNERY (M) recounted some of the experiences of his friend Senator Moriarty for the benefit of Captain Ryan. That knocked the lid off and competition was keen until the meeting broke up at 11:30.

It was decided to initiate a campaign to interest more members in our monthly dinners and meetings. The next one will be held on March 15 at a place to be selected by the president. "Doggy" clothes are barred and the cost will not exceed one buck. After a man has attended one of these gatherings, nothing short of an earthquake can keep him away again.

—R. J. Q. (M)

## THIS FREEDOM

The head of the League for the Repeal of the 8th Amendment, Mr. Stayton, made the following statement before a Congressional Committee:

"The war-time Congress taking all wisdom unto itself, said, in effect, four things which have changed our lives and the current of our history, namely:

"To the people of the whole United States it said: 'You are unworthy; you can never again be trusted; you must be muzzled.'

"It said to every state: 'You are an unworthy state; we take from you the powers which your forefathers enjoyed; henceforth you are not free.'

"To the unborn generations for all time it said: 'We condemn you in advance as being low, unworthy, and of vile habits; we take from you the right to regulate your own lives because we foresee that you will be a low people.'

"It said to all future Congresses (including the one in which you gentlemen now sit), 'We predict that you will be unworthy of the power of legislating, and we therefore take that power from you, just as we have taken it from the people and from the states; we, the war Congress, know what will be good for the people for all time, and we take from all future Congresses the right to govern as their consciences and their wisdom may determine. They must do as we wish.' "

## FROM A BRITISH WAR VETERAN

The following letter has been received from Mr. J. Springett, a former soldier of the British North Russian Expeditionary Force, who is now Manager for Holland of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and who attended the dedication of the YD Memorial at Belleau, as the guest of FRED M. WREN (M) (103rd Inf.).

I have to thank you for your kind letter of the 3rd instant.

My presence with you on the occasion in question was due firstly to my interest in "one of you," and secondly to my interest in and admiration for your dedication when I learned of it from my friend.

I had some misgivings about accepting my friend's kind invitation to join you wondering whether there would be any of my countrymen there or if I should be the lonely one; and I had still more misgivings when I found that, as far as I could gather, I was the only one.

I may say, however, that my misgivings soon disappeared after I had met my friend and his compatriot in Paris and later some of your other members there; and I can only add that I had two of the most interesting and enjoyable days thanks to my attending the Dedication of the Yankee Division Memorial Church in Belleau.

In closing, may I thank you all for the courtesy extended to me and wish all success to the Y.D.V.A.?

Yours sincerely,

J. Springett.

Rotterdam,
The Netherlands.

## NUTMEG NEWS

The following items refer to the YD Association of Ansonia, Derby, Shelton and Seymour, Connecticut:

At our last meeting, on January 21, the following officers were elected for this year: President, PAUL JOHNSON (F Co., 102nd Inf.); Secretary, NICHOLAS V. JECUSCO (M) (Med. Det., 102nd Inf.); Treasurer, FREDERICK HUMMEL (M) (G Co., 102nd Inf.).

The evening of February 3, the "Clarion Four" broadcast an appropriate program over station WDRC, Hotel Taft, New Haven, it being the twelfth anniversary of the YD's entry into the front line.

HOWARD WEBB (C Co., 102nd Inf.) is in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Brooklyn, N. Y., suffering from stomach trouble and infected tonsils.

DANIEL MCCARTHY (G Co., 102nd Inf.) is also in the Brooklyn Naval Hospital.

PATRICK REIDY (G Co., 102nd Inf.) is commander of W. H. Gordon Post No. 50, which has one of the largest memberships in its history. Col. CHARLES LOCKHART (E Co., 102nd Inf.) will be one of the principal speakers at Seymour, Conn., in an ex-service man's get-together stag party.

## GOOD WORK

The Yankee Division Club of Washington, composed exclusively of veterans of the 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Forces, in a meeting on February 8, 1930, resolved as follows:

*Resolved,* That a note of appreciation be extended to the Honorable James M. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition, for his steadfast loyalty to his subordinate, Colonel J. F. J. Herbert—a worthy comrade of the 26th Division Over Seas, whose integrity, valor and loyalty was well demonstrated to us all under those conditions attending combat—and we do now reiterate our expressions of confidence in Colonel Herbert, with assurance that he is now, as before, rendering a full measure of service to the public good.

Further, that copies of this resolution be forwarded by the President of the YD Club of Washington, to Commissioner James M. Doran, the Hon. W. E. Borah, the Hon. Burton Wheeler, Colonel J. F. J. Herbert.

## THE EDITOR IS MISSING

(*From our Tennessee Exchanges*)

We see where Robert Quillan, who edits the Fountain Inn Tribune, will probably be going East, or South, soon. His departure from Fountain Inn may be precipitate. Mr. Quillan recently wrote up a wedding as he has always wanted to write one.

In the first paragraph he gave the names of the bride and groom, their parents and officiating minister. Then he began to tell things:

"The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

"The bride is a skinny little idiot, who has been kissed and cuffed by everybody in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret and drinks mean corn liquor when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook or keep house; mother always did the work.

"The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior painted, thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme, for the groom was newly plastered and the bride newly painted.

"The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His No. 8 patent leather shoes matched his state of tightness and harmonized nicely with the Axle-grease in his hair. In addition to his jag he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a bill for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

"The young people will make their home with the bride's parents—which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing and her boy friend will open a 'pigs ear.'

"Postscript by editor: This may be the last issue of the Tribune, but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding and tell the truth. Now that is done death can have no sting."

Ed. DOINGS:

Now that this is written by a better man than I—It is no need for me to write any more—He satisfies my utmost desire and one can now peacefully pass the rest of his days in strict conformity to custom of hash news notes.

"DIABLO" (M)

## WE AWAIT IMPATIENTLY

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I have missed YANKEE DOINGS during the past year so much that I do not intend to let my subscription lapse in the future. You have kindly published my outbursts from time to time in the past, thus encouraging further writing. Perhaps my stuff may prove more acceptable since I have become a more or less authentic scrivener as the "public relations" or publicity man for the Museum of the Peaceful Arts. I warn you, therefore, Mr. Editor, to expect some effusions in the very near future.

—ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS (M)

## YD AUXILIARY

The regular meeting of the YD Auxiliary was held on Wednesday evening, February 12, at 8:00 P. M. After the meeting a penny sale was held. The Social Committee served coffee and cake which we all enjoyed.

During the meeting Mrs. Marion Drayton presented our Past President, Mrs. Allen Smith, a gold YD pin, set with a diamond, in behalf of the Auxiliary for her faithful service during her term as president.

The Hospital Committee visited the Chelsea Naval Hospital, finding twenty-five YD boys there, whom they supplied with candy, cigarettes and fruit.

The sympathy of the Auxiliary is extended to Mrs. Nora Folkins of Groton, in her recent illness.

A Bridge and Whist party was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 4, at 2:30. The committee was composed of Mrs. Anna McKenna, Chairman; Mrs. C. F. Randall, Mrs. Joseph Smith, Mrs. Annie Travers, Mrs. Bassett and Mrs. James Christie.

The following committees were appointed at the January meeting: Auditing, Mrs. Pearl Goodwin; Welfare, Miss Charlotte Flynn, Chairman; Mrs. Anderson; Hospital, Mrs. Leonard Snape, Chairman; Mrs. McDowell; House, Mrs. Annie Travers, Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald; Membership, Mrs. Helen Foss, Mrs. Charles F. Randall; Organization, Mrs. C. G. Francis, Chairman; Sewing, Mrs. John F. Alson, Chairman; Mrs. A. M. Hendrickson, Mrs. Lilly Deale; Flowers, Mrs. Fred T. Wilson; Publicity, Mrs. Harry Nicoll, Mrs. James Christie.

The Auxiliary extend their sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Helen Foss in the loss of her father.

The sewing meeting for February was held at the home of our President, Mrs. Alfred Snape, in Cambridge, with about twelve members present. Mrs. Snape served a delightful luncheon and everyone had a very pleasant day.

The next sewing meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Lilly Deale, 9 Harvard Terrace, Allston.

(Mrs.) M. S. CHRISTIE.

## ENGINEER WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The March meeting of the 101st Engineers Wilfare Association was held at the Armory on March 3 at 2:00 P. M. Our beloved President, Mrs. Arthur T. "Mother" Buswell, presided and was ably assisted by Miss Flynn, as Vice-president, filling the unexpired term of Mrs. Lucy Lyndell, who has gone to California. Miss Rosamond Spalding accepted the post of Chairman of the Nominating Committee, left vacant by Mrs. O. S. Davenport, who is now located at Lakeport, N. H.

Plans for the reunion on April 5 were completed. It was suggested by Mrs. Francis that the ladies contribute some much needed afghans to the Rutland hospital, to be used by the patients.

A most successful luncheon and bridge whist was held at the Richardson Shop on March 17.

Through the kindness of the Engineers, notice of the monthly meetings of the Welfare Association vill be broadcasted from Station W.L.O.E., beween 7:00 and 8:00 P. M. on the Friday preceding he first Monday of each month.

Sunshine boxes are to be collected at the April meeting, also the drawing for the steamer rug.

—Mrs. J. F. C., Corr. Sec'y.

## FOR THE STATISTICAL FANS

The following letter is reprinted from the Boston Traveler, in the belief that many ex-artillerymen will find the figures interesting:

The German long-range guns, seven in number, commanded by Maj. Breitung of the former German army, were rebuilt old 38 cm. naval guns relined to 21 cms. and tube extended to 34 meters. The life of each gun was about 50 rounds and some 300 rounds were fired from these guns into Paris.

The vibration of the barrel was about one yard above and below normal position of the gun and this was kept up for one minute after the piece was fired in spite of very complicated balancing and stabilizing equipment.

Two days were required to dismantle gun and one week to assemble and put into battery. By the terms of the peace treaty one perfect specimen long range gun was to be turned over to the allied forces, but this part of the treaty was never fulfilled, as all seven guns appear to have been destroyed before they could be viewed by allied observers.

The ballistic data follows: Range elevation 55 degrees, 75 miles, muzzle velocity 5,250 feet per second, calibre 21 cms. (7.27"), length overall 122 feet, maximum ordinate (greatest vertical height reached by the projectile) 24 miles, time of flight 3 minutes, grooves 64, weight of propellant 525 pounds, powder pressure 67,000 pounds per square inch, weight of projectile 264 pounds, weight of explosive 18 pounds, point and base percussion fuses used.

## TAPS

I. WILLIAM BLANCHARD, formerly of the 102nd Infantry Band, died at his home in Randolph, Vermont, on February 8. Mr. Blanchard was a member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association at the time of his death, having joined the Association less than two weeks before.

ARTHUR J. RUSSELL, formerly of the 101st Sanitary Train, was killed in an accident on February 1. A military funeral, attended by many of his former comrades, was held in New Haven, on February 5.

Members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association extend to HOWARD A. SANDERSON (M) (102nd F. A.) their deepest sympathy in the loss of his mother, who died on February 27.

## A.P.O. No. 709

A. E. HOLDEN (L Co., 103rd Inf.) who recently came up from Houlton, Maine, to Portsmouth for an examination, decided to come a little further, and paid a visit to the YD Club of Boston.

AVON M. SMITH (101st F. Sig. Bn.), a former member of the YD Club of Boston, who has been among the missing for several years, has at last been heard from. He is with the Imperial Valley Hardware Co., located in El Centro, Calif.

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

" 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back'."

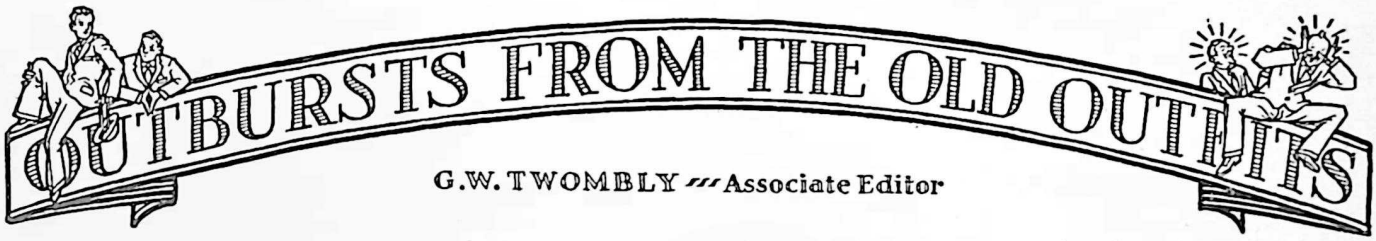
"And, believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come!"

—*The Waif*

He—"And who made the first cotton gin?"

Young Thing—"Heavens! Are they making it from that, too?"

—*The Waif*




G. W. TWOMBLY — Associate Editor

## ENGINEER ENTRIES

Be it known to all Engineers wherever they may be that April 5, Saturday evening, is the date set for the Annual Open House at the Cadet Armory. This is the affair when the good ladies of the Engineer Welfare Association do their darnedest to give us all a good time, and they've never been known to fail yet. A good many will read this notice, and a whole lot more will receive a card telling about the affair, but even so, there are bound to be some good old Engineers who will never hear of it until it's over, unless we all spread the news around by word of mouth. So if you see a bird with that lean and hungry look which bespeaks the Engineer, whisper the good tidings in his ear. Tell him also to drop a card to Miss Charlotte Flynn, 11 Paisley Park, Dorchester, Mass., and let her know he's coming. The enjoyment we all have in this annual party, the only time in the year when the old crowd gets together as a regiment, increases tremendously in proportion to the number of familiar faces we see. Some of the companies always turn out in force and others are slimly represented. Let's make this a 100% affair.

Remember, there are eats, smokes—all free (last year it was a turkey dinner with all the fixin's). And best of all, the chance to talk over old times with old friends.

### BUZZINGS OF B

Continuing from the items sent in by our anonymous reporter from Brockton:

WILLIAM L. HALLETT (M) is still cutting prices with the Cloverdale Co.; was just unlucky enough to be elected to the Common Council of the City of Brockton.

HERBERT C. MEURLING, "Herb," our old shoestring merchant, has been on the road selling shoes from last reports.

WENDELL K. "DAD" MOULTON was a visitor "in our midst" a few weeks ago; he is still a member of the Boston Police Department.

LAWRENCE P. MACDONALD, one of our old "sand piper sergeants," met many of the boys at the last State Convention of the American Legion.

JOHN "GLOOMY GUS" MUNDIE of Quincy makes many trips here in the interests of his headstone corporation in the Granite City.

ALBERT L. NICKERSON—last heard from was married and living in Easton, Mass.

ELMER O. "CURLEY" NORRIS is now living in Pembroke, a surburb of Brockton. Curley was taken into the South Shore voiture of the 40 and 8 the other night. Oh, oh!

FORREST "WEENIE" COUSINS is a native of East Bridgewater, and from last reports was manager of the A. H. Parker Dairy Co.

WILLIAM "GEO. WASH." HOLLOWAY (M) is a visitor to this city now and then. JAMES W. KEDIAN is still with the Sager Electrical Co. EMERY LALIBERTE is working with one of the large architectural offices in Boston.

The last time ROY H. REAM was seen in town was about three years ago, he was then a guest of "BRICK" EMERY and was living in Pennsylvania. RALPH T. "BUTTERFLY" STEVENS is still living in Stoughton. JAMES SWEANY (M) still heads the concern of Hazen-Brown Co., makers of cement, etc.

WILLIAM WELLS of K. P. fame is selling plumbing supplies in Peabody, Mass. KARL S. WHITE, our old schoolmaster, has left the E. L. Bonney Box Co. and is selling insurance.

NATHAN L. "GLUCK" WHITTEN is still looking up bank figures. One of the side trips he took last summer took him up into Canada, and while there he met an old friend of his (no, not Mr. Three Star Hennessey but), ex-Sgt. EUGENE P. LABRECQUE.

EDDIE CLEVELAND (M) is still living in Campello, but works (?) in Boston.

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I was very much entertained by the anonymous letter in our column of DOINGS last month. I believe that the report of the "Brockton Rifle Club" boys might stand the following remarks.

Glad to know that ZIBA KEITH (M) is still in the Advertising Department of the George E. Keith Shoe Company as was reported two years ago.

Also glad to know that RAPHAEL MCKEOWN is still married. This was also reported early last Fall soon after the event.

ARTHUR BLACKEY's trip with the YD Pilgrimage was reported in a previous issue as well as MERTON GASSETT's association with the Engineering Department of the City of Brockton, said position being held by him since his discharge from the army in 1919.

From the list reported there was only one member of the YD Association and if these chaps are going to get this free repetition and publicity surely the man that supplied the knowledge has a good field to

work in obtaining members for the Association, if only for the sake of publicity given them through this column.

—"The Drone" (M)

## CAPERS OF C

John Caswell (M) writes from Washington: "Who should breeze in the other day but Barber (M). He is looking fine: all hitched up and has a youngster. He sent his best to the gang and wanted to be remembered to all."

## ECHOES OF E

Congratulations twofold are coming to Charlie Watson (M) in recently becoming the parent of twins—a boy and a girl. Good work, Charlie, long may you wave!

Also, Chet Thomas (M) has checked in with a new daughter, as he says, to be a cook for his two soldier sons.

Like all successful men, our Frank McNally (M) of Mack Battery fame, has a hobby. His is riding horseback. He should have been a Sergeant-Major! He's a snappy number in his riding boots and whip-cord breeches, let us tell you.

Our big politician, Jim Campbell (M) from Hyde Park, is getting to look more like an alderman from day to day. Don't be surprised if you see him in City Hall within a few years.

Babe Murdy has come back to the environs of Boston to spend the remainder of his life among his old friends. We'd like to see you at the YD Club once in a while, Frankie. He's living at 23 Lothrop Avenue, Milton, for the present.

Fred Campbell (M) has been so busy taking insurance examinations at the State House that he hasn't had time to show up at the Club lately. Lay off, Freddie, for a bit and let us see your smiling mug once in awhile.

We hope our "foreign" members down South and out West will begin saving their pennies so they can take in the Legion Convention in Boston this Fall.

Our old friend Henry Brown (M) is now Superintendent of the Somerset Club, Boston, which is as it should be as they couldn't find a better man. It's all right to speak to him now if your ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

John "Mike" Rooney and Harold Brownson, individually and not collectively, have been sojourning in the sunny Southern seas of late. We expect reports from them in detail later.

A letter from John Caswell (M), living in Washington, D. C., says, "At the zoo the other Sunday, I ran into Roland W. Rogers. We were each showing our respective youngest a polar bear. Rogers, now living in Washington, looks well and wants to be remembered to all his buddies. Engineer faces are pretty scarce in the Capital—Ralph Hallett (M) and I seem to be holding the fort, so when others breeze in it is good to see them."

—R. M. E. ((M)

## FANCIES OF F

George Branscombe (M) has turned up again, this time in Delano, California, where he is Secretary-Treasurer, and General Manager of the California Cotton Growers Association.

Chet Bailey (M), although he lives in Amesbury, is a regular attendant at the YD Club smokers. The last train home takes him only as far as Newburyport, from which point he completes the journey on foot. And if that ain't the height of somethin' or other, what is?

Paul Emerson (M) and "George" Barclay (M), although they haven't committed murder or arson, so far as we are aware, deserve honorable mention for being about the most regular smoker fans of the company.

Darragh Higgins (M) with the missis and youngsters, is now living in a bon dugout on East Street, in Dedham. After trying out several sectors, he declares now that he is settled down for keeps.

Sam Johnson (M) stopped into the Club a few days ago (with the pipe, the bag, and the smile). He had just received a letter form our old comrade, Charles "Brandy" Brandenburg, who is now located in Bruceville, Indiana. Seems Brandy is not hitting 'em so good just now, and is in poor health. He believes it due to a sprained ankle he got during the Chateau Thierry affair, and is looking for affidavits to that effect. If any member of the company remembers anything about it, please let us know.

Who should breeze in, looking ace high and on top of the world, but our old Looie, George H. Collins (M). Had quite a chat about old pals and old times. George is Engineer for the Shell Eastern Petroleum Products Co., with offices at 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. He has been in Boston some time since coming north from San Antonio, but expects to be located in New York for a while now.

—P. N. S. (M)

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## 101st M. G. BATTALION BUNK

Anthony L. Poto ("Pote") is in the banking business at 192 Hanover Street, Boston. He says there is a marked difference between a loan and a touch.

Raymond H. Gustetter ("Gus") has left Hartford to become Special Agent for the Phoenix (Fire) Ins. Co. at Indianapolis. He has been with that concern for some years at their home office. Good luck Gus.

Francis T. Aninger ("Snucks"), Robert E. Austin ("Bob"), John B. Riddell ("Jonnie") and William J. O'Neil ("Billie") (M) have joined the Rau-Locke Post, A. L. Drum and Bugle Corps.

The first three were buglers. Another ancient prejudice removed and roasting did it.

Major STILLMAN F. WESTBROOK (M) has been elected President of the Hartford Community Chest and also appointed a Park Commissioner of that city.

Read with interest Lt. GERALD COURTNEY'S (M) poem in the January issue of DOINGS. Wish you could all see some of his charcoal sketches of Neufchateau.

HAROLD N. CHANDLER ("Chan") was married Jan. 25 at Baltimore, Md. Congratulations Chan from the other sons of old New England.

WILSON S. FALLS ("Pop") (M) was chiefly responsible for our going over the top on the Memorial Drive. Pop worked diligently and deserves much praise for his untiring and successful efforts.

ERNEST C. CLARK ("Ernie") (M) is now Inspector, Health Dept., City of Hartford. Keep the old G. I. cans clean boys.

We wonder when the house-warming at the "Maison Myers" is coming off. Captain RAWDON W. is building a new chateau.

GEORGE PATTERSON ("Pat") is a star pony polo player with the cavalry troop team in West Hartford.

NELSON L. KINGSBURY ("Red") has been drafted into politics. After reviewing the recent pictures "Flight" and "Wings" four times each he qualified and was appointed Aviation Commissioner of City of Hartford. Red is a parrot aviator (beaucoup talking and no flying).

—B. P. G. (M)

## 101ST INFANTRY ITEMS

### I COMPANY

Veterans of I Company joined with old soldiers of other wars in the State Armory at Attleboro, Mass., on the evening of February 6, in what was in some respects the most unusual get-together and banquet ever staged in this state.

Because he recently attended a banquet and saw a veteran of the World War make a ravenous attack on a turkey supper—the first turkey the hungry veteran had had in years—Samuel Rushton, noted sportsman of Attleboro, staged and paid for a big turkey feed to which was invited every veteran in that part of the state.

More than 1500 persons attended the feast, and the bill for the affair will run close to $10,000, it was estimated.

Nearly a ton of turkey graced the table and the veterans were ordered to clean it up. And they did.

Everything was provided by the host, including transportation and also including favors which cost at least $1000.

War clouds hovered over Attleboro State Armory that evening but they were silver lined and two thousand or more laughing, shouting veterans enjoyed every minute. Mr. Rushton ordered two large "El" auto buses to transport seventy Boston men, under the leadership of Lieut. Walter Grant, who were members of Co. I, 101st Infantry, to dine with their buddies in Attleboro that served with the Company over seas.

There was many a touching scene as comrades who fought side by side twelve years ago grasped hands, patted each other on the back, and called nicknames after some of them had not seen each other since the Yankee Division came home and was disbanded in Boston.

It was one of the brightest evenings in Attleboro since the Armistice. We all took a little memory trip through trenchland, recalled the impromptu games of "Black Jack" and "African Golf" that followed each pay day—or rather started with each pay day.

The former doughboys talked and sang of the "gay mamselles," smoked cigars instead of the "homespun from the makings."

They chewed not the corn willie and hardtack of yesteryear, but munched on roast young turkey with all the fixings. They read not the "cootie literature" on their army shirts, but handsome little souvenir programs, and they heard amiable speakers rather than the sharp commands of a second "Louey."

The drill hall was elaborately decorated. It was a veritable wonderland of bunting, blossoms, and blooms with the massed colors of every service organization in the city prominently displayed. Favors of a small miniature rifle, the bayonet forming a paper cutter, were beside each "mess kit."

The purpose of the whole affair was summed up briefly by the host of the evening, Sam Rushton who, just before the close of the affair, was presented by Commander Ralph Thorp of the local Legion for a few words of greeting. There was applause for several minutes with everybody on their feet as Mr. Rushton was presented from the speaker's stand.

He spoke briefly, saying, "I sincerely hope that this reunion has served to make an evening of enjoyment for you all and that the friendships which have been renewed will last a long, long time." He extended his appreciation for the large gathering, thanking every veteran for attending.

Floyd Gibbons, flyer and war correspondent, was the surprise speaker. Mr. Gibbons told of his travels and experiences, explained his associations with the war days. He gloated over the fact that he had a chance to talk for a half hour, and General Pershing listening in on the radio had to listen to him. "What would some of you doughboys do for that chance?" he asked.

Commander Thorp of the local Legion asked the veterans and guests to sign their names and addresses on sheets of paper, folio size, that were distributed. These will be made into book form and preserved as the real big souvenir of the occasion.

—M. J. M. (M)

### 101st FIELD HOSPITAL

The annual "get-together" of the 101st Field Hospital took place on Monday, February 10, at the American House, Boston, with thirty of the old gang present. A number of the boys came from Worcester, Framingham and Providence, proving that the old "YD" spirit is still with us and will be as long as any of us are left to answer "Here."

The meeting was called to order by our old original C. O., Major "Military Bill" TENNY with appropriate remarks, following which the roll of our departed comrades, now numbering fifteen, was called.

An excellent turkey dinner was next served to which all did their share, leaving the festive board quite bare.

We were very fortunate in having for our guest of the evening one who had borne arms against us in the late "unpleasantness," namely Lieut. Garbo (claims with regret, no relationship to the great Garbo of movie fame). Lieut. Garbo gave us a very interesting talk on his experiences against the Russians in the Carpathians which we all enjoyed, especially where the two sides called the war off long enough to fraternize and have tea. The lieutenant, by the way, is now a citizen of Uncle Sam and willing at any time to do his damnedest for him, angels can't do any more.

Informal remarks by several of the boys followed this speaker during which it was suggested to cooperate with the old division in any way possible at the National Legion Reunion.

The meeting came to a close with the gang gathering around the piano and whooping up some of the old stand-byes. Meeting adjourned at 11 P. M.

—E. H. I. (M)

## FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

Just because there is a chance that some 104th reader of YANKEE DOINGS may not receive the notice of the Annual Apremont Day Reunion, the following notice, sent out by the 104th Infantry Veterans Association, is reprinted here.

As you should know, the Apremont Day Reunion will be held at Gloucester-by-the-Sea, on Friday and Saturday, April 25 and 26, 1930.

Gloucester fisher folks are planning to give you and yours the time of your lives. Start saving your pennies and don't miss the best time ever given by the veterans of the 104th Infantry at any convention.

There will be a good reminder of that trip across the English Channel, as you are taken for a sail in some of the crack fishing schooners. Beaucoup eats and everything that goes with it: a wonderful time can be had by all.

There will be some of the Atlantic Fleet in the harbor, and you will have a chance to inspect the warships.

The 104th has a record for always gaining its objective. The next one will be the Fish City of Gloucester. Don't fail now: be sure to make this one.

We have a real live committee, and the full cooperation of a buddy who is now known as His Honor, Mayor of Gloucester, Col. JOHN E. PARKER.

There are many surprises in store for you in Gloucester. Our motto, "Something Doing Every Minute." Don't miss this one, the best of them all. Yours for a whale of a time.

### C COMPANY

ALBERT MONEMY is the latest addition to the prodigal sons who have returned after long absences. He has been out of New England for the last nine years, but expects to make his home in Boston now, and has promised to be at the re-union.

AL BENNETT (M), Major DOANE (M) and GUY WATTS (M) made a trip to Gloucester to see what arrangements could be made for the three companies, A, C, and H, and found that they could get a hotel, the Delphine, which has 48 rooms and a good, large dining room. An option was taken on the hotel and plans are being made to hold a banquet and a show afterwards for the three companies.

A meeting was held in Worcester on Wednesday, Feb. 19, and although C Co. was the only one with enough fellows there so they could make a decision on it, A Co. has decided for it since, and now H Co. is the only one to be heard from. No doubt they will fall in line without much trouble.

The Committee at Gloucester have been working hard all winter, most of the plans are completed for a real bang-up time, and without a doubt it will be as good a time, if not better, than any of the previous ones.

A, C, and H Co. members will get notices in a short while in regard to same and hope they will answer, so we can get the approximate number to expect.

Any of the other companies that are thinking of having a banquet on Friday night should start getting busy and write to HUGH SAVAGE, or ARTHUR HALL at once.

—H. G. W. (M)

## 102ND M.G. BATTALION

### A COMPANY

Nearly five years steady, with but one miss, seems sufficient punishment for the writer as well as the readers of this column. But it's a habit to be present —like Wednesdays at Noon. March 1 crashes in only a few hours away. We might save Editor Phil from

rewriting our stuff this month, but as we really need exercise, we'll search for a few subjects.

In March we get going on our semi-annual Battalion Reunion. It looks like April 19, as that is nearest the Seicheprey anniversary. Some of our men of Vermont suggest a later date that they may find roads in better condition. If JOHN MACNEIL (M) and GUY BEAN (M) have plans made, nothing has leaked out yet.

How about holding our Fall reunion in Boston during the National Convention of the American Legion? We might corral for an evening, distant gunners who will come to Boston for no other reason than to whooper-up with the Legion. Not too early right now to consider and make plans.

Many of the boys are now planning to journey to Weston, March 14 or 15. At Ease! a play depicting certain events in the career of a machine gun squad in France, is the cause. Modesty forbids us telling why we know many of the incidents were patterned after A Company's career.

Yes, sir, we heard POP COVEY (M) actually bragging about being a Mess Sergeant.

Haven't yet decided to admit we of Company A were the one time "Lancers of Boston" mentioned in Leonard Nason's "Livingston Brothers" appearing in the Legion Monthly.

We're pleased to learn of HOWARD BURNHAM'S advancement in the laundry business. Gus and his cigars appear regularly at YD smokers.

—A. C. H. (M)

### ANY NEW ONES HERE ?

Minnie: "You're all wet—where's your umbrella?"
George: "I forgot it."
Minnie: "When did you find that out?"
George: "When the rain was over and I went to close it."

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Customer: "Nice dog you have there. He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."
Barber: "Tain't that; you see, sometimes I makes a mistake an' snips off a piece of a customer's ear."

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JUST FELL APART

Wyoming paper — (adv.) — FOR SALE OR TRADE: One good 1924 Ford touring car in used sacks at a bargain. Hacker Bros.

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"Blind" Beggar: "A dime, please, pretty lady?"
Lady (to husband): "John, do you really believe he is blind?"
John: "Sure he's blind; give him a quarter."

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Rookie (at recruiting office): "Mister, I want to be a soldier."
Sergeant: "Fine, what branch do you prefer?"
"Please, mister, I want to be a captain."
"But you can't get a commission."
"That's all right, mister, I'll take salary and expenses."

## Eleventh Annual Convention

# Yankee Division Veterans Association

## THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1930

**8.00 P. M.**

*All Members Invited*

AT

## YD CLUB OF BOSTON

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

# One Dollar!

Makes your Wife, Mother, Sister or Daughter
a Member of the

## YD AUXILIARY

A worth-while organization which has brought comfort and happiness to many of our stricken comrades.

*FILL OUT AND MAIL THE BLANK BELOW TO*

**MRS. F. W. FOSS c/o YD Auxiliary**

**200 Huntington Ave., Boston**

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## YD AUXILIARY

*I enclose herewith $1.00 for which please enroll*

_____
(Name)

_____
(Address)

*as a member of the YANKEE DIVISION AUXILIARY.*

She is the_____

of_____

who served in:

_____

26th Division

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